

L. & N.

Time Card No. 124

Effective Sunday April 30, 1911

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:56 p. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:01 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim., 5:25 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:53 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 6:27 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:20 p. m.
Nos. 95 and 94 will make Nos. 90 and 91's stops except 94 will not stop at Mannington and No. 95 will not stop at Mannington or Empire.

No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis and other points west.

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Erin and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

No. 53 and 55 make direct runs to Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points east and west. No. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.

No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will carry passengers to point South of Evansville.

No. 93 through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa. Via also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connections at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 95 will not carry local passengers for points North of Nashville, Tenn.

J. C. HOOE, Agt.

Tennessee Central

Time Table No. 4 Taking Effect

SUNDAY, March 10, 1912

EAST BOUND

No. 12 Leave Hopkinsville 6:30 a. m.
Arrive Nashville... 9:45 a. m.
No. 14 Leave Hopkinsville 4:00 p. m.
Arrive Nashville... 7:15 p. m.

WEST BOUND

No. 11 Leave Nashville... 8:25 a. m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 11:20 a. m.
No. 13 Leave Nashville... 5:00 p. m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 8:15 p. m.
T. L. MORROW, Agent

Averitt's Bed

Bug Paste

The new exterminator for Bed Bugs, Roaches, Ants and all other insects. Not only kills and devours the bugs but prevents the eggs from hatching. Is convenient to use. Does not run or spread—fills the cracks. A positive exterminator and preventive. Made by the

Anderson-Fowler
DRUG CO. Incorporated.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers at 25c per bt. with Brush for applying.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

A GOOD PLACE TO GO

When you come to town bring the family and let them see the show.

Matinee Daily 2 O'clock to 5:20
EVENING 7 TO 10:20

Admission - - - 10 Cts
Children - - - 5 Cts

DO IT NOW Subscribe for THIS

AT BIRTHPLACE OF DICKENS

Almost a Shrine, Where Many of the Hurrying Crowds Pause to Do Reverence.

A great signboard partly covers the little house where Charles Dickens was born. "Charles Dickens' Birthplace," it says, and all the hurrying world entering old Portsmouth pauses to look at it. The street, Commercial road, might be a street in any large city, and the house is no alien edifice in the vista of ugliness. A hundred years ago the traffic may have been quieter and the flowers in the front gardens not quite so dusty—a century leads us back such a very long road. In the spring of 1812 we picture Mrs. John Dickens, wife of the humble clerk in the navy pay office, bringing her baby boy—her first son—to the small windows for a glimpse of the London stage coach bound for the Portsmouth dockyard. Little did the tired mother think as she held him there that his life would one day affect some of the passengers on the coach, the people who walked or rode in the street, the thousands going about their business in Portsmouth and the tens of thousands upon thousands all over the country. Whoever made so many men laugh and weep as Dickens? What pen has opened the doors into as many lives? No heart has every been closer to the facts of human life than that of the beardless boy who shyly winked at his Sam Weller and sent him forth with laughter that was to blow into a gale. On Weller's footsteps they come, those common and yet uncommon types he drew forth from the bone and sinew of Great Britain. The boy born in Commercial road was to be the apostle of everyday people, and the multitude of tradesmen he wrote of would make a trades' directory.—The Ladies' World.

NEVER LACKED FOR SOLDIERS

How Japanese Forethought Supplemented Military Skill in the Great Struggle With Russia.

Brig. Gen. Robert K. Evans, says the Army and Navy Journal, told of meeting, just after the Russo-Japanese war, a friend who had been a military attaché with Oyama's army in the Manchurian campaign, and asked him what had been the most striking and noteworthy incident that came to his notice during the war. His reply was: "Without doubt it was this: In the battle of Mukden I noticed a large body of troops on the field whose presence I could not account for from any information in my possession. I rode over and inquired who they were. I was told, 'These are the reserves sent from Japan to take the places of the men who will be killed and wounded in the next great battle.' And there they were on the field while the battle was going on." This is a most instructive incident, thought General Evans. Here Oyama lost in a great battle a certain number of thousands of men. The next day they were all replaced by an equal number of trained, instructed and disciplined men. The army was as strong numerically as before the fight. It had probably gained in efficiency by the practical experience of the officers and men who had been under fire and still remained in ranks.

Turned Joke on Inspector.

This curious incident comes from Suhr, Switzerland: An inspector of schools, without any previous warning, visited the village school and found the elderly teacher asleep at his desk and the children departed, having apparently taken French leave. To give the teacher a great surprise and a bad quarter of an hour, the inspector decided to wait until he awoke, and seated himself on a bench in front of the culprit. The hours passed and the inspector himself went to sleep. The teacher, on awakening and seeing who was sleeping before him, quietly left the school for home. Without entering the school room the concierge locked up the school and the slumbering inspector. Several hours later the concierge heard a great noise and, arming himself, opened the door, and was greatly surprised to find the angry inspector before him.

Locked Antlers in Glacier.

Mute evidence of a mortal combat that may have occurred centuries ago was revealed to J. K. Magnusson, a timber cruiser on the slopes of Mount Baker, says the Portland Oregonian. Lying in the lower edge of Roosevelt glacier were the crumbling bones of a buck deer of more than ordinary size. Digging down into the ice the cruiser uncovered the remains of a second animal, the body in an excellent state of preservation. The antlers of the animals were tightly interlocked, showing that the deer had died in battle.

From the position of the skeleton and the body in the glacier, Magnusson is of the opinion that they had been carried a long distance down the mountain side. As the glacier flows only four or five inches a day the battle of the bucks may have occurred centuries ago.

Willy Will.

"Didn't you think that was a beautiful girl with me today, Willy?" "What girl, my dearest?" "Why she was with me when you met us outside the church." "Was there a girl there, dear? I didn't notice. I was looking at you." "Then she loved him all the

The AMATEUR

A Tale of Love and Jealousy



EAR, the amateur said, "at last my chance has come. I am to play the leading part in a real play, produced by the Comedy club. Think of it, an amateur playing a big lead!"

"Oh! I shall show you that my ambition to become an actor is a just one. I tell you, girl, I know he spoke with conviction, 'that I have talent.'"

"My amateur!" she stroked his hand lovingly. "I shall be very proud of your success. In fact, I am always proud of you." She looked with adoration upon his dark, handsome face. "I wish I could do something to help you." She smiled wistfully. "But if thinking success can bring it, it's yours already."

"You dear, winsome girl!" He rose and drew her to him. "I'm lucky to have your love, and as soon as I become a real actor we can be married."

"I'm glad!" For a minute she rested her head on his shoulder, nestling close.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to see you again until the night of the play." He held her at arm's length. "You understand, don't you? We rehearse every evening, and of course I can't give up at the office yet, so my days are also full. But I won't love you any less because I don't see you. You believe that?"

"Yes," she nodded, "but I shall miss you."

"Two weeks will pass quickly, and I shall send you a box for the performance. . . . It's only right," he added, proudly, "that the fiancée of the star should be conspicuous."

"Good luck to the amateur!" she laughed happily, kissing him good night.

After the amateur had gone the girl sat thinking, trying to find some way to help him.

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "The man can do something. I will ask him to accompany me to the play. He and I will go alone, as no one else, not even father, could understand my nervousness during his performance."

Before retiring the girl wrote a note to the man, telling him what she wanted him to do for the amateur for her sake. . . . The man received and answered the note the following day, accepting the invitation.

As the man's car drew up to the entrance of the theater the girl laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Suppose he should not make good?" Her voice quivered. "Then, you—you—"

"Dear girl," the man spoke reassuringly, "I will make full allowances for the amateur, because you love him so dearly."

The curtain was up when they took their seats in the left stage box. The amateur was on, but didn't see them, as his back was toward the box.

It was not until the big scene in the second act that the amateur was able to look for the girl. . . . He had the center, and for a moment his glance wandered over the footlights, then rested upon the left box, where, sitting well forward and close to the man, whose arm encircled her chair, was the girl. . . . All the pent-up love of her nature was in her eyes when they met his, but, looking swiftly from her, he caught the man's eye, and a sudden spasm of jealousy shot through him.

"There he was working with all his strength to win success for her," he thought, viciously, "and she sat calmly by, not reveling in his triumph, but obviously enjoying the companionship of another man, and a handsome one at that!"

The girl smiled the winsome little smile that he loved, and blew him a kiss, but they were unheeded by the fierce anger that raged in his soul against the man, who with perfect repose watched his every move.

"I hate him!" he thought. "He's

hate him!" And unconscious of his part he tore wildly across the stage, until when quite close to the box his cue came. He gasped, stuttered, but his mind was a blank; all thought of lines had gone. He stared helplessly at the girl, and in the surge of his emotions even the voice of the prompter was drowned.

The leading lady came to his assistance as best she could, but his climax was pitifully weak and the denouement a hopeless failure.

At the fall of the curtain the girl turned to the man with tears in her eyes, and a half sob escaped when she tried to speak.

He wrapped her cloak about her, and in the rush of conversation they slipped out unnoticed.

She cried softly all the way home, and it was not until she was saying a good night that she had the courage to ask the man what he thought of the amateur's work.

"I thought in the first act he had some of the 'stuff' in him, but—well, he lacks control, and I don't believe he can ever be anything but an amateur. I'm sorry, for your sake."

Shortly after the departure of the man the amateur arrived.

He came as one ashamed, hesitating on the threshold; then with a trace of his old pride, he suddenly took her in his arms.

Gently she pushed him from her. "Why did you fail?" she asked.

"Because," he answered simply, "I was jealous. Can you forgive me? For a minute I hated him, for I thought he had stolen you from me. Who is he?"

"Don't you know?" Surprise was in every word. "Why, he is the man



"I Hate Him!"

of the theatrical world; the one manager they all strive to act before. I have always known him, and he would have given—"

"Girl! Do you mean that I had a chance with him? That he might have placed me?"

"Yes; but now he says you're only an amateur, and I know he's right. I could have forgiven the failure, and might have loved you more for it, but not the jealousy. I'm a woman, and I know happiness never lies along the road of jealousy and suspicion. You see, my amateur, it takes only a little thing to kill a woman's love, and yet it's harder to kill than a man's, but when it dies, it's quite as dead."

"Girl! Girl!" he cried. "I didn't know! Give me another chance. I'll be different! Oh, forgive me and let me try again! I can't give you up so easily—"

"Perhaps some day, when you have learned to play your part well," she said sadly; yet in her words he detected a ray of hope.

"I shall study faithfully." Reverently he took her hand. The door banged softly, and the girl was alone.

"And he will," she said slowly, "for I believe in him."—New York Press.

SENSE OF PROPRIETY.

"No," said the beautiful actress, "I can't have him for my leading man. You must engage somebody else."

"But," the manager protested, "he is a splendid actor, and just fitted for this part."

"I know. Still I can't have him in my company. He was my husband once."

"Oh! Never mind that. The public has forgotten all about it."

"The public may have forgotten it, but how would it look for me to have a man who is paying me all—"

"Onyx" Hosiery

TRADE MARK

THE Best Hose for the entire family, Men, Women and Children, can always be found in the "Onyx" Brand.

FOR Quality, Style and Wear, get a pair of "Onyx" Hose in Cotton, Lisle, Silk Lisle or Pure Silk, from 25c. to \$5.00 per pair—none genuine without trade-mark stamped on every pair. Sold by all dealers.

Lord & Taylor - - New York

Wholesale Distributors

SEE

McClaid & Armstrong

DEALERS IN

GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS, Cut Stone, All Kinds of Concrete Work.

Marble Yards and Office N. Main Street, Between 1st and 2nd Sts
CEMENT AND LIME FOR SALE.

Cumb. Telephone 490. Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

NEW CENTURY HOTEL

OPEN EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

RATES ON APPLICATION FIRST CLASS ORCHESTRA

DAWSON SPRINGS, KY.

Special rates to those coming early in the season. The mineral waters of Dawson are second to none in regard to their curative powers. Special rates on the I. C. Railroad. The New Century Hotel is equipped with electric lights and is steam-heated. An up-to-date Hotel in all respects. J. V. Hayton & Co., Proprietors.

ROY L. THRELKELD, MANAGER.

A FINE LINE OF COPY-RIGHTED ART CALENDARS.

The plans for your advertising campaign this year should by all means include a handsome Art Advertising Calendar for 1913. We have secured the exclusive agency for the Copyrighted Calendars produced by the A. M. Collins Mfg. Co., of Philadelphia.

This is one of the largest and most substantial Calendar houses in the United States, and the quality of their line is superior to that of any ever shown in this section.

This line will be handled exclusively by us in Christian and Trigg counties. It includes a great number and variety of subjects in full color, as well as some hand colored pictures of exceptional beauty.

The samples for 1913 will be in our hands shortly, and we shall be glad to show them to you at an early date. MAKE NO PLANS FOR YOUR 1913 CALENDAR UNTIL YOU SEE THIS EXTRAORDINARY LINE. HOPKINSVILLE KENTUCKIAN.

COOK WITH GAS...

Cheapest and best fuel.

No dirt, no smoke, no soot.

Try it. You will like it.

Kentucky Public Service Company

(Incorporated)

Office: Y.M.C.A. Building, Ninth Street